I'm Drowning (In Your Eyes)

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/44750332.

Rating:	Explicit
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Categories:	F/F, F/M, M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Charlie Countryman (2013), Adam (2009), Polar (2019), Blood and Chocolate (2007)
Relationships:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom/Margot Verger, Nigel (Charlie Countryman)/Adam Raki, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate)/Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Will Graham/Nigel (Charlie Countryman), (past)
Characters:	Will Graham, Hannibal Lecter, Alana Bloom, Beverly Katz, Margot Verger, Nigel (Charlie Countryman), Brian Zeller, Duncan Vizla | Black Kaiser, Aiden (Blood and Chocolate), Adam Raki
Additional Tags:	lifeguard AU, meet cute, Lifeguard Hannibal, Shy Will Graham, Pining Will Graham, Friends to Lovers, Slow Burn, Fluff and Crack, a dash of angst, But it gets cute again don't worry, Crack Treated Seriously, Alternate Universe - College/University, Banter, Sexual Tension, Getting to Know Each Other, First Kiss, Spacedogs, BlackWolves, Murderwives, They're all a hilarious group of friends and love to tease Will, Anal Sex, Anal Fingering, Bottom Will Graham, Bottom Will, Top Hannibal Lecter, Top Hannibal, Swimming Pools, Jealous Hannibal, Possessive Behavior, Possessive Hannibal
Language:	English
Stats:	Published: 2023-02-03 Completed: 2023-02-25 Words: 15,647 Chapters: 3/3

I'm Drowning (In Your Eyes)

by Escape_Reality

Summary

Will's been crushing on Hannibal for quite some time now, EVERYONE thinks he should finally do something about it. The perfect opportunity arises when his friends decide to head to the pool... where Hannibal works as a lifeguard.

Just a cute friends to lovers Hannigram fic

Notes

DISCLAIMER: I'm not a lifeguard nor know anyone who is a lifeguard so if I got any of the protocol wrong, please forgive me! I just wrote based on what I've witnessed in real life and gleaned what I could from our good friend google.

Kinda college AU bc they're all in college lmao

Hannigram is a little slowburn so enjoy a little taste of SpaceDogs and BlackWolves (Duncan x Aiden) this chapter, there's of course Hannigram scenes peppered in there as well as friendship shenanigans.

See the end of the work for more notes

Chapter 1

It was yet another beautiful hot summer day in mid July, the sky was a brilliant shade of blue, not a single cloud to be seen, and the sun beat down on the city of Baltimore without fail. Which either enticed the city's inhabitants to stay inside in their air conditioned homes or beckoned them out to enjoy the stifling yet gorgeous outdoors.

Will Graham was currently one of the former as he sat in front of the TV kicking Bev's ass at the new video game she'd gotten recently.

"Damn it Graham! You've got to be cheating somehow! That's the third time!" Bev groaned, slamming her controller down as the screen yet again proclaimed her defeat and Will's victory.

Will just chuckled, shrugging his shoulders and pulling a 'what can I say?' face. "Hey, it's not my fault I actually check my surroundings for enemies rather than just shooting blindly."

Bev huffed, rolling her eyes. "Shooting everything *is* what makes the game fun Graham."

Will laughed again just as Bev's phone beeped, signalling she'd gotten a text.

The raven haired girl picked her phone up and checked who had messaged her.

"Oh hey, Nigel said he and the gang are headed to the pool again and was wondering if we wanted to join." Bev announced, showing Will the message before beginning to type out a response. "Do you wanna go?"

Will paused the game, feeling a curl of excitement settle in his stomach. He definitely wanted to go knowing who was working as one of the lifeguards today. He tried to tamper down his eagerness though, forcing himself to act casual, not wanting to alert Bev with just how much he wanted to go, she'd for sure never let him live it down.

He gave a casual shrug, “Yeah, sure. I don’t care.”

Bev raised a questioning brow at his odd answer and his *far* too obvious attempt at being indifferent. “Uh okay…”

Will blew out a silent breath as Bev began typing again seeming to not catch on to what Will was thinking.

Just as he was going through the process of saving the game and turning it off, his best friend suddenly gave an exaggerated gasp, startling Will and causing him to nearly drop the controller in his hands.

Will turned to her, seeing her wide and excited eyes.

“Oh! So *that’s* why you’re acting weird.” She said with a laugh, a mischievous glint in her eyes.

Will groaned internally, “What do you mean?”

Bev gave him a look that clearly said ‘you’re a terrible liar’.

“Let me guess? He’s working today isn’t he?” She nudged him playfully and Will narrowed his eyes at her, turning away to pretend to busy himself with putting the controllers away so she wouldn’t see the blush painting his cheeks.

“I don’t know what you’re talking about.” He mumbled, arranging the controllers on the TV stand far too neatly.

“Don’t lie to me Graham. You only put on that whole ‘I don’t care’ attitude when you *really* care.” She giggled. Will still stubbornly kept his back to her, not wanting to deal with this whole situation.

Bev grinned like a maniac as she observed Will’s obvious discomfort. She walked over to him and poked him in the shoulder, her grin widening as she saw him flinch.

“He’s working todayyyyy.” She singsonged, continuing to poke him in the shoulder just to be even more annoying and get him to crack.

Will finally did with a roll of his eyes, turning to face her. “Fine! Alright! Yes, he’s working today. Now will you quit it with the poking?”

“In that case, I’ve got some work to do.” She smirked, eyeing Will up and down, placing a thoughtful finger on her chin.

Will groaned again, slumping his shoulders in defeat as he gave her an exasperated look. “Bev, *why?*”

“Because you’re hopeless when you’ve got a crush and it’s about time we finally did something about it.” She said matter of factly, trying to tame his wild curls in an effort to make it look better making Will smack at her hand. “Besides, the summer isn’t getting any younger, we’ll be too busy once the semester starts up again. Score that summer fling while you’ve still got the time.”

“But what if I don’t want *just* a summer fling?” Will grumbled petulantly, running his hand through his hair self consciously to fix what his best friend messed up.

“Then you buck up and go ask him out!” The older girl exclaimed, “I can’t take another year of your hopeless pining.”

“It’s not that easy Katz.” Will whined, not caring that he sounded childish. She was used to it after all.

“It *is* Will. You just walk up to him and ask him on a date. Simple as that.”

“But what if he says no?”

His best friend gives him her signature eye roll before reaching out to squish his face in her surprisingly strong hand, “Does this look like a face he could say no to?”

Will made a weird squawking sound that came out muffled due to his puckered lips as he batted at Bev’s hand.

“Alright, I get it.” He massaged his jaw with a grimace. “Damn you’ve got a strong grip.”

The older girl grinned, rolling up the sleeve of her right arm, flexing her biceps exaggeratedly. “Well what can I say? Have you seen these guns?”

Will laughed and his best friend joined in.

Once they’d calmed down, Bev flashed him a smirk that spelt trouble and Will looked back at her wearily.

“Operation ‘Get Hannibal Lecter to fall for Will Graham’ is underway.”

* * *

Will pulled up to the parking spot right next to Nigel's car, a spare space left for Duncan's truck.

"Are you ready Graham?" Bev asked with a wicked smirk.

Will only rolled his eyes.

"Ready for what?" Alana piped up from behind them, looking between the two of them curiously. They'd picked her up on the way.

"Nothing Alana." Will sighed as he turned off the radio and shut off the engine.

"Ready for Will to finally profess his undying love to the guy he's been crushing on for a year now." Bev snickered, her body turned to address Will's ex… something.

He and Alana never truly dated but they did go out on one date and kissed—made out—before Alana decided to break it off because she saw Will too much like a brother *and* she'd been eyeing the new student in her program—Margot Verger—at the time. Will tried not to take it too personally but of course the break stung for a bit until he too started eyeing the new *exchange* student that year, Hannibal Lecter.

Alana definitely perked up at that, her blue eyes widening slightly before realization dawned on her and she too gave a devilish smirk in return.

"Is Hannibal working today?" Alana asked Will, her and Bev of course teaming up as a united front as they both started giggling at the miserable expression on Will's face, watching as he rested his head on the steering wheel in exasperation.

"I really regret letting you two befriend each other." Will groused.

Alana and Bev's laughter echoed around the car.

"C'mon guys. I'm sure everyone's already waiting for us." Will grouched, effectively cutting off their laughter into low snickers, the both of them grabbing their things and proceeding to get out of the car.

Will sighed, grabbing his own backpack and readied himself for what awaited him. He felt the nerves of seeing Hannibal—let alone possibly asking him out—surge within him and the no doubt teasing his friends were about to put him through.

He blew out a breath then got out of the car, making sure to lock it before following along behind his two best friends as the two of them sniggered about something and whispered back and forth.

Why did I agree to this?

Will thought miserably.

They entered the outdoor public pool and was glad to see that it wasn't too crowded. There were two families there with their young children as well as some groups of younger teenagers and middle school kids hanging out with their friends and swimming together. Everyone was spaced out nicely though so it didn't feel too busy.

They instantly spotted their group of friends already situated at the far right corner of the pool —coincidentally it was the closest to the lifeguard post Hannibal was sat at. Will couldn't help but think his friends definitely chose that area on purpose.

As they walked over, Hannibal caught sight of them. He smiled and lifted his hand in greeting and Will flushed slightly as he waved back, Alana promptly nudging him after the exchange as Bev snickered under her breath. Will shot them both a glare to shut them up.

Aiden was the first to spot them when they walked closer. He waved them over and called their names, causing the chatter amongst the group to cease as everyone turned to the new comers, waving and calling out their greetings.

Bev immediately went to go set her stuff down beside her boyfriend Brian, greeting him with an enthusiastic kiss, before pulling everyone else into a hug. Alana made a beeline for Margot —*speaking* of hopeless crushes—giving her a shy yet tight hug before turning towards everyone to greet them with hugs and hello's.

"Hey guys!" Will grinned, setting his backpack down on one of the spare chairs directly beside Nigel. Nigel gave Will an approving once over, a smirk settling on his tantalizing lips as he whistled his approval.

"Fuck me, you're wearing your good summer shirt. Last time I saw that shirt it was on the floor of my fucking bedroom." Nigel sniggered, motioning to the nice tight white shirt Will was wearing.

Will was Nigel's ex boyfriend, he's a year older and they had hit it off when they met at a cafe on campus. Will had frequented the cafe often due to the amazing cellist that would play there every lunch time. Nigel had the same idea, almost harbouring a crush on the cellist until he saw his darling Will seated at a window seat on the far right of the cafe. The sun streaming in through the window illuminated around the younger boy's form, making him look like an angel sent from above, *the most beautiful boy he had ever seen.* They dated for about two years before they parted amicably and remained friends. Though to this day, he still always liked to flirt with Will, not only because he was an outrageous flirt but also because he just loved flustering the younger boy.

"You can blame Bev okay? She insisted on dolling me up before we got here." Will groaned, self consciously smoothing his shirt down.

Bev scoffed, shooting up into a seating position from where she had been laying on Brian's shoulder, "Well you weren't gonna *get any* wearing that ratty old grey shirt you're always fond of wearing, you should be thanking me."

"She's right Will, that thing has definitely seen better days." Alana joined in with an amused expression from where she was seated close beside Margot, their arms intertwined but not

quite holding hands.

Will and the group have a secret running bet of when they'll finally get together, majority said at the start of senior year, but Will bets they'll get together before the summer even ends. By the looks of things, he's very close to winning.

"It's my favourite shirt…" Will pouts, "Winston likes it."

Bev gives him a pained look, "Exactly… your *dog* likes it because it's practically one of his favourite chew toys."

Will presses his mouth into a thin line, not able to respond to that. *Maybe it was a little true…*

"Alright, alright. Lay off the poor thing." Margot says, always having Will's back. "I think you look great Will, and I'm sure *he* will think so too."

Will blushes and thanks her, knowing it was high praise coming from her because she was practically Hannibal's best friend. The two hitting it off after Hannibal helped Margot through some tough family issues pertaining to her brother that neither of them wished to discuss.

Everyone chuckles but mercifully drops the subject as they all start their individual process of starting their pool day.

Alana and Margot take turns applying sun screen onto each others backs. Nigel brings out the drinks, some spiked, some not, in true Nigel fashion. Aiden's drawing in his sketchbook, no doubt another image of wolves or *loup-garou* as Aiden likes to say—while intermittently shooting off texts to his boyfriend. Bev and Brian start unpacking the food everyone brought and Will half heartedly helps them, but mostly, he tries not to stare at the gorgeous adonis seated at the lifeguard post at the end of the pool.

Once all the food and drinks are unpacked and set up, they all dig in.

A little while later, the pool gates open once more and Duncan and Adam stroll in.

Duncan is Hannibal's older brother, only by a year, making him and Nigel the same age. The two were also best friends, Nigel and Duncan apparently having the same hobbies, ones they don't really disclose to the group much. Rumour has it they're both trying to acquire a gun license, spending quite a bit of time together hitting up the local gun range as well as the seedy local bar that doesn't look too closely at ID's nor its patrons.

Adam is Nigel's current boyfriend. They'd only started dating this year but they were inseparable after Nigel ran into the beautiful boy sitting alone at the park one day, watching the racoons. Nigel unfortunately never noticed Adam on campus due to the boy's quiet nature and how he only stuck around and interacted with his one friend, Beth. After meeting in the park this past winter though, they were inseparable. Nigel was *obsessed* with the once shy boy, Nigel having helped him come out of his shell a bit more, especially after introducing him to his group of friends.

Duncan and Adam had said they'd be meeting the group at the pool because Duncan needed to buy a telescope for his family's new cabin in Triple Oak, Montana. Apparently the view of the stars up in the mountains was incredible and Duncan wanted a better look at them, Adam was all too happy to tag along and discuss the merits of the different telescopes, lenses and mounts. There were apparently two categories of telescopes, one type was typically the smaller ones that were used to view the solar system, such as the moon and planets. The other were the ones used for viewing deeper space like nebula, star clusters, galaxies, etc. They were normally bigger with larger lenses and mounts. Duncan had patiently and enthusiastically listened to the boy's excited rambling, finding majority of the information helpful that he purchased two telescopes.

To say that Nigel was unhappy—and pouty—that he couldn't pick Adam up and bring him to the pool was an understatement, but he trusted his best friend and knew he'd never do anything to betray their friendship. Besides, Duncan had Aiden after all.

Adam lights up the second he spots Nigel and Nigel grins as he watches his beautiful boy make his way over to him.

“Hello gorgeous.” Nigel smirks, pulling Adam into his lap and greeting him with a passionate kiss.

Adam’s smile is as bright as the sun, blue eyes twinkling in the afternoon light. “Hello Nigel.”

Duncan watches the two lovebirds with a smile before his own curly headed beauty pops up in front of him, a disgruntled frown on his face.

“And where’s *my* kiss old man?” Aiden demands sassily with his arms crossed over his chest. Duncan smirks and ensnares the other boy’s waist before he can so much as blink, kissing him deeply until the frown is replaced by parted kiss swollen lips.

“How’s that?” Duncan asks smugly, admiring the dazed look in Aiden’s eyes.

Aiden pretends to think it over, “Mmm… Acceptable. I think you’re going to have to try and convince me a little more.”

Duncan grins lecherously and he leans in once more to capture those ruby red lips between his teeth. The taste of the boy’s mouth was addictive, *as sweet as chocolate*.

“There are children present Duncan.” A sudden electronic tinged voice calls from above them, they all turn to look at him just as Hannibal puts down the megaphone he had just spoken into, a playful smile on his lips. A smile that Will couldn’t help but stare appreciatively at, *he looked good when he was taunting*.

“Yes indeed, children you should be *watching* rather than us. Get back to work little brother.” Duncan countered with a raised brow in challenge.

Hannibal only huffed a laugh and gave a shake of his head as Duncan once more focuses his attention on Aiden, giving the boy one more lasting peck before the younger boy is tugging him over to his pool chair so he can show him the latest piece he was working on.

“Did you bring my food?” Adam asks Nigel, his fingers tangling in the hair on the nape of Nigel’s neck, making the older man preen under the physical attention.

“‘Course I did darling.” Nigel assures him with a kiss to the bolt of his jaw. A hand grips Adam’s waist to make sure the younger boy doesn’t fall off Nigel’s lap as he leans over and grabs the insulated lunch box beside his pool chair. Adam watches as Nigel unzips the lunchbox and brings out three containers of food. One container of Amy’s Mac and cheese, another container of steamed broccoli, and another of perfectly cooked chicken. He made sure to separate them as he knew how much Adam hated his food touching one another.

Adam’s face lights up once more seeing his favourite foods. “Thank you Nigel!” He exclaims, pecking the older man before picking up a fork and the container of the Mac and cheese. The sandy haired man smiles fondly at his lovers enthusiasm and assists him in getting the other containers open. He then grabs the container of macaroni from Adam’s hand, the other whining in protest, until Nigel hushes him with a smile and picks up the fork, stabbing some macaroni before bringing it to Adam’s lips.

Adam gives him a narrowed eyed look, but nevertheless, opens his mouth to accept the forkful. Once he’s properly chewed and swallowed, Nigel brings up another forkful of macaroni and Adam complies and eats that bite as well.

“I’m not a kid you know. I can eat by myself without your help.” Adam informs him matter of factly and Nigel only chuckles, nudging Adam’s lips with another helping of macaroni.

“I know darling but I *like* feeding you. It makes me happy.” Nigel says, watching as Adam mulls over the words before seeming to come to a decision and humming pleasantly.

“Hm… okay. I like it too.” He says with a small smile, this time taking a bite of chicken into his mouth. Nigel gives him a crinkle eyed smile.

On the other side of the group, Will was half heartedly paying attention to Aiden explaining the storyline of the next chapter of his graphic novel, too busy trying to not so discreetly stare at Hannibal.

“Will are you even listening?” Aiden grumbles

“Mhm… yeah, m’listening.”

Aiden huffs, “Now say it like you mean it.”

Will finally looks at him properly, “Sorry, I’m just a little distracted.”

Aiden steals a glance at the life guard, giving Will a smirk.

“No wonder you’re so distracted, he just took his shirt off.”

“Wha-“ Will whips his head around so fast he swears he hears something creak in his neck. But Hannibal didn’t have his shirt off, he still wore the same red tank top that was the lifeguard’s uniform. He’s called back to attention by Aiden’s laughter.

“You are *way* too easy Graham.” He chuckles, leaving Will and going to crawl back in between Duncan’s legs who was currently in a heated debate with Brian about some football game that was on last night.

Will sighs, maybe he was a little *too* easy. He’s going to fall over himself like an utter fool when Hannibal finally gives him even a sliver of attention.

He turns back around to slyly peak at Hannibal only to be met with those amber eyes already trained on him. He visibly flinches and quickly looks away, cheeks burning as he tried to focus back on the conversation happening in front of him though he couldn’t for the life of him pay attention to anything they were saying, too busy feeling the weight of that stare boring into the side of his face.

He let a couple more minutes pass, willing himself *not* to turn around just yet which was a feat in itself.

He probably wasn't looking anymore…

He slowly trails his eyes back— *fuck.*

Hannibal smirks at him and actually lifts his hand and waves.

He whips around quickly and doesn't dare attempt to look in his direction again, he swears he hears a low chuckle carried by the wind from behind him but he firmly keeps his gaze straight.

Stupid Hannibal Lecter and his stupid butterfly inducing smile and his stupid drool worthy arms and his stupid beautiful face. How dare he affect Will so profoundly and turn him into a blubbering, idiotic fool?

Will focuses back on his group of friends, trying to tune into the different conversations happening for fear of looking even more like an idiot if he were to so stupidly stare back at Hannibal Lecter once more.

Beverly and Brian were whispering sweet nothings into each others ears when Brian suddenly digs his hands into Beverly's side, tickling her, causing her to squeal and laugh loudly, drawing Will's attention.

"Can you two turn it down a bit? There are kids in the vicinity." Will groused, unknowingly echoing what Hannibal had said earlier, something the younger man did often without realizing. Beverly grins at him and flips him the bird, Brian only chuckled as he wrapped his arms tighter around her waist.

"Don't worry Graham, soon enough this'll be you and Hannibal if you'd only pull your head out of your ass." He retorted with a smirk, Nigel letting out a booming laugh and Aiden

giggling along.

“Shut it Zeller.” Will hisses without any real heat.

“C’mon Will, perk up. I’m sure he’ll say yes and you won’t have to be bitter about being the only single person in our group.” Beverly assures him.

“That’s not true. There’s Alana and Margot.”

Beverly gives him a look, “I stand by my point. *You’re* the only single person in our group.”

Duncan—having overheard their conversation—buts in, “Not to worry Will, Hannibal’s going to have his lunch break in 10 minutes and I’m sure he’ll be joining us. You can talk to him then.”

“Yeah Graham, you can *talk* to him then.” Beverly wiggles her brows suggestively and Will groans.

“He’s not going to talk to just *me*. Duncan’s here and Margot’s his best friend and Aiden’s his art buddy and Alana’s his ex and—“

“Easy tiger, *breathe*. We’ll at least make sure he sits *next* to you, how about that?”

Will slumps his shoulders, suddenly feeling hopeless about this entire thing. He mumbles out a ‘yeah I guess’ and Duncan reaches over to give him a reassuring pat on the back.

10 minutes has never felt so long and so short, Will practically vibrating in his seat with nerves, especially when he spots Hannibal getting down from his lifeguard chair and making his way over to their group.

“Hello all.” Hannibal greets with a smile and everyone gives him enthusiastic greetings in turn. Duncan embraces his brother in a hug and Margot kisses his cheek before he’s turning his full attention onto Will. Will feels himself freeze as Hannibal suddenly makes his way over and sits down on the end of Will’s pool chair, causing the other boy’s eyes to widen.

“Hello Will.” He greets warmly, amber eyes twinkling.

“H-Hi Hannibal.” Will manages to stammer out, giving him a sheepish smile, cheeks tinted red. The both of them—too busy staring into one another’s eyes—don’t notice as the entire group practically falls silent to watch their interaction unfold with bated breath.

“How has your afternoon been thus far?” The older boy questions—only by a couple months but it still counted.

“F-Fine, the weathers been nice.” Will says, feeling rather dumb for bringing up the *weather* out of all things.

Hannibal chuckles, “Indeed it has. We’ve been rather fortunate.”

“Yeah.” Will mumbles, breaking the intense eye contact that he doesn’t know how he managed to hold for so long, stealing a glance to the side and seeing all his friends staring at them, he narrows his eyes and watches as they all slowly look away and resume their conversations.

“Is that a new shirt you have on?” Hannibal questions, Will’s attention immediately snapping back to him.

“Uh… not really, but I don’t wear it that often.”

Hannibal’s eyes sweep over Will’s form, heating the younger boy’s skin. “Ah, it suits you well.”

Did Hannibal just compliment his shirt?

“Th-Thank you.”

“You’re most welcome.”

Will twiddles his thumbs, nerves practically choking any words sitting on the tip of his tongue, fogging his brain of any tangible thought.

The sun’s rays glinting off of Hannibal’s perspiring skin catches Will’s attention and suddenly he’s mesmerized, reaching out a hand to caress Hannibal’s bicep, feeling the warmth on his finger tips.

“Your skin’s really warm from the sun.” Will says, then as if he realizes what he’s doing, he quickly pulls his hand back as though he’s been burned. “S-Sorry, I don’t know why I-“

“It’s quite alright dear Will. If you’re concerned about me getting sunburned, I assure you, I regularly apply sunscreen every two hours as per the recommendation.”

Will can’t help but laugh at that, Hannibal smiling at his amusement. “Of course you would.”

“Are you making fun of my efforts to avoid harming my skin by neglecting to protect it from UV Rays? Skin cancer is a very serious thing Will.”

Will continues to laugh, he has a sneaking suspicion it’s just his nerves manifesting into excessive laughter. “No, of course, s’just, it’s a very *you* thing you know?”

“To want to avoid sunburn and skin cancer?”

“To read up on how often to reapply sunscreen and *actually* do it religiously.”

“Ah, I see. Are you attempting to say I’m anal retentive?” Hannibal quirks an amused brow.

Will swears the only word he paid attention to in that entire sentence was ‘anal’ followed by Hannibal’s cheeky look, *Oh lord help him.*

“N-No, I-, I didn’t mean-“

“I’m only teasing dear boy.”

Will wrinkles his nose at the word ‘boy’, “Hey, I’m only a couple months younger than you, ya know?”

“All the same. You’re still younger than me.”

Will huffs and pretends to be disgruntled by that, Hannibal chuckling at his antics. The wind suddenly picks up and Will’s curls are swept into a disarray on his head. He tries in vain to push them back, trying to keep them looking good for Hannibal rather than the birds nest that usually resided on his head. When the gust of wind passes, Will tries to laugh awkwardly whilst trying to smooth his hair down.

“Darn wind-“ Will starts with a chuckle but quickly stops upon seeing Hannibal’s fond gaze directed at him, stealing his breath away. The older boy moves forward and Will’s frozen once again as Hannibal reaches a hand out to tuck a stubborn lock of hair behind Will’s ear, brushing some remaining strands away from the boy’s forehead.

They’re both silent, faces close together as they stare into each others eyes, the world ceasing to exist around them.

They're rudely torn from their little bubble by the sound of something getting knocked over and Nigel cursing up a storm that Adam chastises him for. Both Hannibal and Will look up to see that their entire group had gotten up and was in the process of making a getaway.

"Uh, where the hell are you all going?" Will exclaims, voice high and squeaky from the moment he just had with Hannibal and annoyed at the way they were interrupted.

"We were thinking of heading to the locker rooms and changing into our swim suits." Bev offers innocently, *too* innocently.

"What about us?"

"Well Hannibal's already in his swim trunks and someone needs to keep watch of all our belongings. It'd be unfair to just leave Hannibal alone here so we thought you could help and keep him company." Alana pipes up.

It all technically makes very good sense but knowing his friends, Will just *knows* they had other intentions.

"Uh huh." Will says unconvinced, giving them all the stink eye.

"We'll be back before you know it. Besides, you haven't eaten yet, since you were too busy with, ya know, other things earlier." Will blushes at how obvious it was that he had spent that time staring at Hannibal. "So, you should eat. There's probably a left over chicken sandwich in one of the lunch boxes." Bev tells him.

"No to worry Miss Katz, I've brought plentiful of my own lunch. I'll make sure our good friend eats." Hannibal smiles assuringly, Bev beaming back at him.

"Knew I could always count on you Lecter. See ya!"

With that, everyone makes their way to the locker rooms, leaving Hannibal and Will alone.

“And then, there were two.” Hannibal chuckles, looking back over at Will. A blush blooms on the younger’s cheeks. “If you’ll wait here, I shall fetch my bag from my post.”

He doesn’t give Will a chance to respond. He gets up and jogs over to grab a pricey looking lunch bag with an embroidered *Lecter* on the front, placing it between Will and himself before taking a seat once again.

He begins to meticulously unpack his lunch, placing down a small white cloth napkin to act as a sort of placemat, bringing out a giant airtight glass container, and an honest to god porcelain plate and metal utensils that he lays in front of Will.

Did Hannibal just always have this much packed in his lunch bag every time? As if he were expecting to share his meal with someone?

Will wonders, staring down at the plate like it was something he’d never laid eyes on before.

“I'm very careful about what I put into my body, which means I end up preparing most meals myself. It all comes with the territory of being a life guard and trying to keep in shape.” Hannibal explains, opening the container of what looks to be some kind of meal containing eggs and meat. “Although this is typically a meal reserved for breakfast, I find there’s something inexplicably comforting about a delicious protein scramble on a hot summers day.”

He pours out half of the portion onto Will’s plate before taking the container bowl for himself.

Hannibal watches as Will takes a bite, “Mmm… that’s delicious. Thank you.”

“My pleasure.” He smiles.

Will warms at the image of Hannibal receiving any kind of pleasure, *especially* from something of Will's doing.

They eat in companionable silence for a bit before Will remembers this is a home cooked meal.

"I didn't know you could cook."

"I occasionally dabble in the culinary arts, I find it brings me great joy and a sense of peace, especially after a trying day."

"I get that. That's me but with fishing, or tying flies, or playing with my dogs."

"You have dogs? How many?"

"Just two for now, Winston and Buster. They're strays really, found them near the docks and they didn't seem to have a home so… I gave them one."

"You sound as if you endeavour to get more." Hannibal grins.

Will chuckles, "Maybe, eventually. I love dogs. I can picture myself being one of those crazy cat ladies with 7 cats or something but with dogs instead."

"Well… I do hope you achieve your goals." Hannibal smiles, Will lets out a laugh.

"How about you? Any pets?"

"None of my own, no. I find I simply do not have the time to really manage one, though Duncan does have one dog, Rusty. He keeps more to Duncan's room though. Shall we say,

he’s not the most athletic pup.”

They both laugh, “Maybe you can bring Rusty over one day or I bring mine over to yours and they can have a little doggy play date. Buster alone has enough energy for all three.”

Hannibal gives him a strange look and only then did Will realize he inadvertently invited himself over to Hannibal’s house without permission.

“Sorry, it was just a suggestion, you don’t have to-“

“I would love that Will.” Hannibal smiles, placing a soothing hand on Will’s thigh making the younger boy’s breath hitch. “I would also love to go fishing one day, if you would allow me to tag along, I’ve never gone before.”

“U-Um, yeah… there’s, uh, a stream near my house I like to go to. It’s beautiful, peaceful. The dogs like to play around there too.”

“That sounds like an ideal place I’d like to visit.”

“I’ll take you… if you want.” Will offers nervously.

“I would like that.” Will stares at him in wonder, disbelieving that *the* Hannibal Lecter just agreed to a sort of date? Friend date? Hangout? With him that he lets his fork hang mid air, momentarily forgetting to eat.

Hannibal smiles at him, “Finish your lunch.”

That snaps him back to action and they spend the remainder of Hannibal’s lunch break eating the rest of the protein scramble and discussing anything and everything.

* * *

A beep of the watch on Hannibal's wrist halts Will in his explanation of how he finds different materials for his fishing flies.

"Ah," Hannibal says disappointedly, silencing his watch. "It appears my lunch break is over. My apologies Will, I did not mean to interrupt."

Will shakes his head, "No worries. I was kind of finished anyway."

"And what an enlightening explanation it was. You'll have to show me the process in action one day." Hannibal grins.

Will flushes at yet another insinuation that Hannibal wants to spend time with him, "I-I will."

At that, Hannibal begins packing up his belongings when his brows furrow and he glances up, "How curious, our friends have yet to return. They seem to be taking an awful long time in the locker rooms."

It dawns on Will as well that not one of them have returned yet, "I'll go see what's the hold up."

Hannibal gives him one more warm smile before suddenly doing the last thing Will expected. He ducks down and places a soft kiss on Will's cheek, leaving the younger boy stunned.

The lifeguard draws back quickly, his expression one of surprise as well, as if he hadn't mean to actually do that. "Apologies Will, that was too forward of me. I consider you a good friend already and it's how I show my gratitude and bid farewell. Perhaps it's also, 'the European in me' as our friend Beverly would say."

“N-No, i-it’s, ah-“ Will takes a breath, “It’s fine, I, well, f-farewell then.”

Will wants to kick himself.

Hannibal gives him an amused expression, “Farewell, dear Will.”

He watches Hannibal go, unfortunately he’s been rotated to the post furthest from their group this time. He gives Will a wave once he’s sat on top of his lifeguard chair and Will waves back with a dopey smile, before remembering he needs to go see where the *fuck* all his friends went off to.

He ventures into the locker rooms first and doesn’t see any of the guys, he *does* however hear Nigel’s booming laugh coming from the direction of the parking lot, as there was an exit from the locker rooms to the lot.

Will makes his way over to the parking lot and sure enough, there they all were seated on the back of Duncan’s truck.

Will stomps his way over, his friends cheering their greeting when they notice him.

“How’d it go lover boy?” Aiden calls teasingly.

“You all left me.”

“Technically, we left you and *Hannibal*.” Adam pipes up and Nigel grins wide, pulling the boy closer into his side.

Will flushes at that and Beverly smirks at him, “Based on that reaction, *you’re welcome.*”

“Did he plant one on you?” Nigel teases. Will flushes an even darker red.

“N-No, well, not… really?”

“Not really? You’re gonna have to be a bit more specific than that Graham.”

“I mean, he kissed my cheek, but I think he didn’t meant to. He says it was a European thing he does.”

Alana lets out a laugh, “You know, he used the same excuse with me right before we started dating. He was thinking about kissing me and accidentally did. I thought it was endearing.”

“Wh-What? No he said-“

“Ask Duncan, he doesn’t kiss just about anyone.”

Duncan shrugs, “It’s true. It wasn’t a common thing in our family, a kiss to the hand perhaps, but not a kiss on the cheek.”

Will feels like his entire world’s stopped, his hand subconsciously raising to touch the spot where Hannibal kissed.

“Fucker only planted one on the cheek? Amateur. We made out on the first fucking date, didn’t we darling?” Nigel jeers.

Adam elbows him in the side and Nigel plants a reassuring kiss on his head, assuring him he just liked to tease Will.

“Well… While Romeo over here processes that little revelation. Why don’t we all head back and actually come here to do what we meant to do?” Beverly proposes.

“I’m ready to take a dip and wash off some of this heat.” Margot agrees.

Everyone gives a sound of assent and they all proceed to get out of the truck while Will continues to stand there, hand still lingering on his cheek with a dazed look on his face. His friends pass him with an amused glance his way, until Aiden’s the only one left and he walks up to Will, snapping him out of his stupor.

“C’mon, let’s go show the other Lecter what he’s missing. Maybe you can pretend to drown and get that hottie to save you.” He winks.

“*Aiden.*” Duncan growls from ahead of them, having stayed back to wait for his boyfriend.

Aiden snickers and turns around with a cheeky grin, bounding over to his boyfriend and wrapping his arms around the older man’s neck.

“Aw c’mon old man, you know *you’re* my only hottie.” Aiden cooes, planting a kiss on the man’s lips. Duncan wraps his arms around the younger’s waist and deepens the kiss, before suddenly pulling back to scoop Aiden into his arms, the curly haired boy letting out a whoop of laughter. Duncan smirks at his amusement then glances Will’s way.

“Coming Will?”

Will smiles at them and follows.

Chapter 2

Chapter Summary

Hannibal saves Will and brings him home

Chapter Notes

NOT Beta read! Sorry for any mistakes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

The group of friends spend the next couple of hours having some fun in the water.

Nigel teaches Adam how to swim and float, his hands carefully gripping the younger's waist as he gently instructs him to paddle, then holds him up as he back floats until Adam gets the hang of it.

Duncan and Aiden are on the other side of the pull immersed in a playful pursuit, the sound of Aiden's giggles permeating the air as he dives and swims away from his boyfriend's reach, Duncan gamely chasing after him in mock seriousness.

Beverly and Brian managed to secure pool floats decorated to look like donuts from somewhere, and were contentedly floating around and chatting.

Margot and Alana had gone for a quick dip before deciding to retire back to their chair to sun tan—also secretly taking advantage of being alone and away from the group.

Will was halfheartedly dog paddling around the pool, sometimes gravitating over to Nigel and Adam to see their progress, or sabotaging Aiden so that Duncan can get him, or attempting to flip over Bev's pool float, but ultimately, he was just trying to appear busy so he can discreetly eye Hannibal. He'd sometimes swim over to Hannibal too and have a small

conversation with him, short and brief so Hannibal wouldn't get in trouble for socializing on the job. If Hannibal's boss was nearby, he'd just wave and feel pathetically giddy when Hannibal would smile softly and give him a small wave back.

Soon, the friends all gravitate towards each other again and settle in a circle against the right wall of the pool, Hannibal's post residing on the left. Not even their rumbustious laughter could distract Will from the object of his infatuations, the kiss still replaying in his head in an endless loop, wondering if the next time, those perfect pronounced lips would be colliding against his own instead.

Will's eyes flit from Nigel—who was amidst telling another raunchy story—to the lifeguard and his tight red tank top.

Hannibal was beautiful. Golden tanned skin glinting in the sun from perspiration, cheekbones that looked chiselled by the god's themselves, bathed in sunlight. A light breeze ruffled his hair, dirty blonde strands dancing in the wind and Will aches to run his hands through them as Hannibal did to him earlier. Hannibal lifted his hand to shield his eyes—those stunning whiskey eyes—as he squinted into the horizon, Will zeroes in on the way his body moves underneath the thin red tank top, muscles rippling every time he-

"Hey!" Alana snapped her perfectly manicured fingers in front of his face.

Bev pipped up, "Snap out of it Romeo, you're practically drooling."

Brian snorted and he glared at all three of them.

"What?" He snapped, irritation bubbling in him at having been interrupted out of his delicious daydream.

"Adam was asking you a question." She said with a roll of her eyes.

Will whipped around to face an unimpressed Adam.

“It’s not nice to ignore someone Will.” Adam chastise him. Normally Will would have a snarky come back to something like that, but he did have a soft spot for the younger boy.

“You’re right Adam. I’m sorry, that was rude of me. What were you saying?”

“I said why don’t you go talk to Hannibal? You keep looking over at him. From what I’ve researched, constantly looking at someone or staring at them can mean that you’re interested in that person romantically or in a platonic way, but I know you desire him romantically because Nigel told me. Or you’re trying to garner their attention or wish to approach them without knowing how to. I think Hannibal makes you sexually excited so you should go talk to him.”

Will flushes at the *sexually excited* part because he was certainly not wrong.

Nigel smirks, “Oh he makes him sexually excited alright. An apt observation darling.”

Nigel pulls the boy closer by his waist and presses a loving kiss to his cheek, delighted at the way Adam revels in the attention.

“I-I have gone up to him, but he’s working.”

“Why don’t you just pretend to drown then? That way he’ll still be doing his job. That’ll sure get his attention rather than you pathetically ogling him from a distance waiting for him to notice you.” Bev suggested with a mischievous grin.

“I’m not going to pretend to drown Bev, that would just be stupid.” Will hissed, “He takes his job seriously, I don’t want to get in the way of that, I’ll just talk to him after his shifts over.”

“You know when his shift ends Graham?” Bev teased, waggling her eyebrows in that annoying way Will hated because it seemed to always be at Will’s expense.

Will blushed a bright red, spluttering a sound of indignation. “N-no I just happened to see his schedule when he was looking at it last week… He was sitting at one of the pool chairs near me.”

“You mean you sat down at one of the pool chairs near *him*.” Bev snorted.

Will narrowed his eyes at her causing her to grin as he grumbled out a “Maybe.”

The group of friends all laugh at Will’s embarrassment and mercifully move on after that, Will actually making the effort this time to immerse himself in the conversation, eventually getting pulled into a deep discussion of a book Aiden was reading about a Prince destined for the throne after the death of his father, but he has a secret gift—more a curse really—that makes him obedient to any command someone gives him. His evil uncle finds out and uses that to his advantage to overtake the throne, but then he meets a powerful dark wizard who helps the Prince break the curse, they eventually fall in love along the way and end up ruling the kingdom of Lamia together.

Aiden highly recommends it and Will promises to pick the book up and give him his thoughts after reading it. They move on to discuss a movie Duncan watched recently that he really loved, about a secret British agent trying to catch an evil banker who does business with terrorists by playing against him in poker. Duncan promises it’s worth the watch, full of action packed scenes and clever dialogue, he also thought the fact that the villain cried blood was pretty cool.

The group slowly splits up again, all of them going back to doing their own thing while Will of course finds himself gravitating towards Hannibal.

“Hey there.” Will calls up, Hannibal looking down at him with a smile.

“Hello Will, what brings you over to my territory?”

Will chuckles, “Thought you could use some company. Looks a little lonely up there.”

“You’re always a welcome presence dear Will.” Hannibal smiles and Will can’t help but blush.

They make small talk, bringing up topic after topic just so they have an excuse to continually be in each other’s presence. Hannibal of course dutifully keeps his eyes mostly scanning the pool as he responds to Will, giving the boy occasional glances and smiles.

They settle on the topic of new dishes Hannibal has attempted to make recently and mostly succeeded at, which Will is not at all surprised about. He was a man of many talents and it was one of the things Will found so intriguing about him.

“My palette isn’t as refined as yours.” Will laughs, “I don’t know how I’d take to duck liver.”

“I assure you, Foie Gras is not as intimidating a dish as it may appear to be. I'm sure you’ll grow to like it if you’d allow me the honour of serving it to you.” Hannibal tells him, his eyes on two teens swimming around the deep end that he doesn’t notice a third presence making their way upon them.

Neither does Will as he grows flustered at Hannibal’s indirect offer to cook for him, “Y-Yeah sur- AHHH!”

Somebody had suddenly gripped his waist from behind and is attempting to lift him up, but with Will squawking in protest and flailing about, they don’t succeed and instead drop him back in the water, thick arms wrapped around his waist. Will can feel Duncan’s rumbling laughter from where his back is pressed against Duncan’s chest.

“Duncan *what the hell*?” Will shrieks in shock, having fully expected it to be Nigel.

“I wanted to help add a little height in case you couldn’t hear him properly, little one.” Duncan sniggers, Will’s *sure* it’s his best friend who put him up to this—Nigel was always pulling mischievous acts, even by proxy.

“Oh *that’s it*.” Will grouses, the ‘short’ comment the final straw as he spins around in Duncan’s grip and proceeds to jump him, trying to dunk his head under water. Will’s infectious laughter could be heard paired with Duncan’s booming chuckle as the older man easily overpowers Will and instead dunks *his* head under water. Will comes up with an indignant cry, shaking his curls out, making the other hunch over with laughter. Will sees an opportunity and jumps on Duncan’s back, still trying to—unsuccessfully—dunk the man.

Will finally manages to dunk Duncan *once* and he’s so very proud when the older man resurfaces with his dyed greyish black hair over his eyes, it was a new look he was trying after a surge in popularity of people dying their hair grey. Will liked it—Aiden especially loved it—it gave him an edgy look.

Duncan takes both of Will’s hands in his when he notices the younger boy about to pounce him again, “Okay, okay, you feisty thing. Truce.”

Will smiles, pleased that he won by default because Duncan was calling a truce. “Serves you right old man.”

Duncan chuckles, the nickname having been started by Aiden after he got his dye job.

Duncan glances up after having noticed they hadn’t heard a peep from Hannibal and is faced with his brothers scowling face.

“Something the matter, little brother?”

Hannibal’s eyes dart to their joined hands before narrowing back on his sibling, “I would think you’d be smart enough to know if there was a problem Duncan.”

Duncan gives him a look, “We’re just playing around.”

Hannibal sharply looks at his watch, “So I’ve come to witness for the past 3 minutes and 47 seconds.”

“Jealousy is unbecoming of you Han.”

“What a good thing I’m not jealous then.”

Duncan scoffs, “Sure.”

“You should get back. Lest dear Aiden gets the wrong impression about your arms wrapped around another.”

Duncan gives him one last disbelieving look, then throws Will a small smile before making his way back to the others. Will watching him go, warring emotions within him. He was pleased and flattered that Hannibal was jealous of him and Duncan being so close, but he also hated how angry Hannibal sounded.

He looks back up at Hannibal, mouth opening and closing, not really knowing what to say. Hannibal sighs, “You should go to them too Will. I have to get back to work.”

Will’s heart clenches at the obvious dismissal, he never meant to upset Hannibal and he hates the thought that he might be upset with *him*. What if Hannibal thought he liked his brother more than him? What if he thought Will flirted with just about anyone? *What if, what if, what if*...

Will took to swimming laps instead to alleviate some of the pent up anxiety and upset he was feeling. He made sure to swim at the furthest wall away from Hannibal’s post, swimming back and forth from the shallow end to the deep end.

He doesn’t know how long he swims for, he just wants to swim until his chest no longer feels tight with worry, and he pushes himself harder and harder with every lap he completes.

Ignoring his slowly aching muscles and lungs screaming for a break so he can catch a proper breath.

As he's about to complete yet another lap, his side suddenly cramps painfully and he accidentally takes in a mouthful of water on his startled gasp. It throws off his momentum and his ability to swim, feeling like his legs no longer want to work and his arms no longer helping to keep him afloat. He starts to panic, his lungs screaming for air as he flails his arms, trying in vain to break surface.

"Will!" Alana suddenly cries from the shore, having been watching her friends swimming while her and Margot sun tanned and immediately spotting that Will was flailing around in the deep end.

Bev whips her head around at the sound of Alana's cry and spots Will seeming to not be able to come up for air.

"Oh my god Will!" Beverly shrieks, immediately drawing Hannibal's attention.

Hannibal jumps to action the second he hears Beverly, he spots the younger man drowning and immediately blows on his whistle, before diving into the pool with his emergency floaty. He swims over to Will in record time and hoists the boy up by his waist.

"Hold onto this Will. It's alright, I've got you." Hannibal reassures calmly, keeping the boy afloat as he clings onto the red floaty, sputtering and coughing up water. Hannibal immediately begins swimming them towards the shallow end, and once there, he throws all caution to the wind and picks Will up bridal style, carrying the boy the rest of the way and laying him out on the ground in a spot that isn't crowded.

He kneels by Will's side and tilts his head up, a veneer of calm as his sharp eyes catalogue Will's every move, watching his pulse and his chest rise and fall. He gives the boy space to cough up water, turning him onto his side so it's easier to expel any water he'd swallowed. He rubs his back soothingly as he coughs and splutters until eventually rolling onto his back as he breathes deeply, eyes closed and lips parted.

Hannibal leans over the boy and cups his cheek, thumb caressing his skin as his other hand cards through the boy's wet curls—he was aware this was far too intimate for lifeguard protocol but he didn't care, he needed a way to soothe the bone chilling fear he felt when he saw Will splashing around in the water, unable to come up for air.

"Are you alright?"

Will slowly opens his eyes, still breathing raggedly as he stares into concerned amber.

"'M good, just inhaled some disgusting pool water." Will gave a wobbly smile, trying to lighten the situation.

Hannibal can't help but chuckle softly, before falling serious again, hands moving about to caress his jaw and his neck, all areas that made it glaringly obvious Will was fine and breathing now. They lapse into a moment of silence as Will catches his breath.

After a moment, Hannibal's brows crease together, his hand cupping Will's cheek again. "You gave me quite the fright Will."

Will nuzzles into the warm palm, resting his own hand atop Hannibal's on his cheek.

"Do I have your attention now?" He tries to smile playfully, though with the anxiety coursing through him, it came out as more of a nervous grimace.

Hannibal's expression softens, "Oh you silly boy, you've always had it." Will beams at him, "But don't you *ever* do anything to worry me that way again."

"Promise I won't drown again."

Hannibal shakes his head in a 'what am I to do with you' manner. He helps Will sit up when he looks capable enough to do so.

Hannibal brushes some hair back that was sticking to his forehead, “I’m tempted to leave my job and become your own personal life guard every time you step foot in a body of water now. Clearly, I cannot trust you to take care of yourself.”

Will smiles wryly, “I don’t think I’d be able to afford your services.”

Hannibal was about to respond when Beverly’s shrill voice abruptly interrupts their conversation. Hannibal turns around and finds Beverly rushing over, their other friends hot on her heels.

“Will you fucking idiot! I didn’t actually mean you should do it and *drown* to get his attention!” She shrieks, falling to her knees on Will’s other side.

“Gee thanks Bev, I totally meant to choke on mouthfuls of disgusting chlorine and whatever-else-infested pool water.” Will responds dryly.

Beverly bites her lip and looks sheepish as she says, “Sorry, I just- I cope bad with worry. You scared the fuck out of me, out of all of us.”

Their friends had gathered in a semi circle around Will now, uncharacteristically not saying anything as they simply stared at Will to make sure he was okay.

“Sorry guys,” Will starts, looking at each concerned face. “Guess I just wasn't meant to be a swimmer after all.”

“No, no don’t apologize darling. It’s not your fault. We were just worried.” Nigel assures him.

Duncan stepped closer, kneeling in front of him and tipping Will’s chin up with his hand. “Sure you’re alright little one?”

Will nods, “Yeah, I’m good now. Thanks for being here for me.”

Adam steps forward, hands twisting in front of him, thumb tapping out a steady rhythm as a way to self soothe. “Hannibal saved you within the first minute of you drowning. For a drowning victim, every minute counts, statistically, victims saved within the first couple minutes have a higher chance of survival… but I was still worried about you Will. Im glad you’re alright.”

He crouched down and gave Will a light, tentative hug and Will hugged him back gratefully.

“Thanks Adam.”

Hannibal touches his shoulder to get his attention, “I will be back Will, I have to talk to my supervisor about this incident and ask about taking my leave early.”

Will only nods and Hannibal squeezes his shoulder briefly accompanied by a soft smile before he’s making his way into his supervisors office and the lifeguard change rooms.

“Can someone help me up? My ass is growing numb from sitting on the ground but my legs still feel like jello.” Will chuckles self consciously and everyone springs into action.

Beverly grabs his left arm and Duncan his right, Nigel behind him and holding his waist incase he tips backwards, together they pull him to stand. Will still feels weak and overwhelmed from all that happened though and his legs wobble, threatening to buckle underneath him.

“To hell with this, come along darling.” Nigel says, and that’s all the warning he gets before Nigel is picking him up bridal style and proceeding to carry him over to their chairs.

Will smiles up at the older man, “Thanks Ni.”

Nigel smirks down at him, “Just like old times, eh gorgeous?”

“Except once you set me down, nothing exciting happens afterwards.”

Nigel lets out a laugh.

He carefully sets Will down on his chair as Margot folds some towels to act like pillows to support Will’s back.

“Thanks Margot.”

Margot kisses his cheek, “Of course Will. I’m glad you’re okay.”

He suddenly feels exhausted recalling everything, all the adrenaline and stress has rushed out of him, being replaced with a bone deep exhaustion. He can manage nothing more than a weary smile her way.

Aiden sits beside him, “Hey, at least you finally got the hottie’s arms around you. Carried you like a damsel in distress and everything.”

Will was glad someone thought to lighten the mood a bit, he hated seeing all his friends faces scrunched in worry, he hated even more that he was the cause of it when they had such a fun day up until that point.

“Yeah, my prince in shining… swim trunks.”

That causes everyone to let out small tinkles of laughter, even if some of them still sounded a bit strained with worry.

The next couple of moments consists of a flurry of movement as everyone tends to Will and asks him if he's alright or if he needs anything. Duncan offers to massage any cramped muscles, Adam asks if he'd like some Mac and cheese because that's always something that soothed him when he's feeling out of sorts, Nigel assists him with drying and putting his shirt back on, Alana sits beside him and asks how he's feeling emotionally, Bev sits on his other side and rubs his arm—as a way to comfort him or her, he didn't know—and Brian and Aiden stand back and watch him with equal expressions of concern.

Hannibal comes back shortly after, towelled dry and in a polo shirt and khaki shorts, his bag slung over his shoulder. Will breathes a sigh of relief at the sight of him, he hated being the centre of attention like this.

"They've thankfully sent me home early after the unfortunate incident today and my personal connection to it." Hannibal informs the group, "Although I know we had plans to mingle here after my shift, I think it'd be best to take Will home."

A chorus of agreement ripples through the group.

Beverly pipes up, "Actually, I think everyone's ready to head out now." At Will's forlorn expression, Bev immediately gives him a sharp look. "No stop, don't look at me like that Will, I know what you're thinking, you didn't ruin *anything*. I think we've all had enough swimming for today anyway, I'm starting to prune up in places I didn't even think were possible." She ends with a laugh, causing others to echo it.

"We can head back to someone's place for dinner or something." Aiden suggests.

"That sounds like a splendid idea," Hannibal agrees, "though I would much prefer Will have some time to recover. I endeavour to keep a watch on him myself and make sure he eats properly." He turns to Will, "If you're amenable, I would be happy to take you home and cook for you."

Will's mouth falls open, completely surprised by the offer. "U-Um yeah sure…" He starts to agree before remembering, "But my car—"

“I’ll take it. No worries Graham. Not the first time I took your Volvo for a spin.” Beverly offers.

Will shoots her a grateful look, “Thanks Bev.”

“Don’t mention it.”

“Alright well, we can head back to my place, got plenty of food and booze for everyone.” Nigel offers, “And if you two wanna come and join later on, feel free.”

Hannibal and Will give him a nod of thanks and everyone proceeds to start packing everything up. Will hands Beverly his keys and Beverly pulls him into a tight hug, he knew she had a lot she wanted to say but kept it in for both their sakes. Being the oldest of a big family, he knew Beverly saw him as one of her little brothers, she cared for him deeply and always looked out for him. Especially since he was an only child, she’d subconsciously adopted the role of the annoying older sister he never had. He can’t imagine what she must’ve felt seeing him almost drown. Beverly’s hug starts up a round of hugs from everyone else, telling him their glad he’s okay and to have fun with Hannibal.

Duncan was the last to hug him, the older man whispering in his ear. “I know my brother may be a jealous ass sometimes, but you’ve got a good one. He cares a lot about you.”

Will pulls back, glancing at Hannibal who was politely waiting for Will to be ready for their departure, “I know.”

Duncan gives him one last smile before Hannibal was ushering the boy out with a hand delicately pressed on the small of his back, a chorus of goodbye’s echoing behind them from their friends.

They stop for a moment once they leave the pool area so that Will can put on his shoes before entering the gravel parking lot and then Hannibal walks them to his car, an honest to god *Bentley* that Will remembers gawking at the first time he’d seen it.

“I still can’t believe you have a Bentley at our age.”

“I’m aware I’m rather fortunate. It was a very generous gift from my parents.”

Hannibal accompanies Will to the passenger seat and opens the door for him, blocking the roof of the car with his hand so that the boy doesn’t accidentally hit his head. Will sheepishly looks up at him once he’s seated inside, “Thanks Hannibal.”

“My pleasure Will.” Hannibal smiles and shuts the door.

The ride to Hannibal’s house is silent save for the car’s stereo playing a soft classical ballad, its soothing notes relaxing Will’s tumultuous thoughts. Both had too much on their mind to strike up a conversation, but they’d glance at each other every now and again to give the other a soft reassuring smile.

They pull up to Hannibal’s house soon enough, Hannibal gets out of the car and quickly jogs over to the other side to open Will’s door and help him out, ever the gentleman. Will smiles at him in thanks again and Hannibal returns the gesture, before turning around to go and unlock the front door, leaving Will to stare up at its grandness. He realizes that for the first time, he’s coming here *alone* with Hannibal. He’s only ever came here for parties the brothers would host or dinners they’d be invited to, now he was here *by himself* and that knowledge alone had him freezing where he stood.

“Are you coming Will?” Hannibal calls from where he was stood inside the doorway, a confused expression on his face as he took note of the younger man’s stock still composure.

“Y-yeah.” Will utters, forcing his feet to move in the direction of Hannibal.

They enter the house together, Hannibal placing his bag on the chair near the door and going about taking off his shoes as Will just stands there and looks around the room as if it were the first time he were seeing it.

“Something the matter Will?” Hannibal asks upon seeing the younger man’s expression and how he’d made no move to take off his shoes yet.

“No, no… it’s just, weird, I guess, that it’s just the two of us here. I’m used to it being much louder in this house.” Will chuckles awkwardly.

“Well, I hope the quiet brings you a sense of peace rather than discomfort.” Hannibal smiles.

Will just smiles back, choosing not to give him an answer. Truth is, his heart is slamming against his ribcage at thought of being alone with Hannibal.

Hannibal leads him straight up to his room—Will’s heartbeat quickening with every closer step they took—and before he knew it, he was inside Hannibal Lecter’s *bedroom* looking around at deep navy walls, a plush queen sized bed and an honest to god *fireplace*.

Hannibal switches on said fireplace with a remote he procures out of nowhere and then turns to Will who’s standing in the middle of the room with a damp shirt and his arms crossed over his chest, hands gripping his upper arms. He probably looked like a sopping wet dog.

“You may warm up in front of the fireplace while I draw you a bath.” Hannibal doesn’t ask but *tells* him that he’s drawing Will a bath.

“Thats not necessary Hannibal, I can shower-“

“Please Will, I insist. I have essential oils that will help calm the mind as well as soothing scented bath salts. It’ll be more therapeutic than a shower.”

He leaves no room for Will to argue before he’s spinning around and going into the bathroom, leaving Will to uneasily stand in the middle of the room, not knowing what to do with himself.

There was of course a curious part of him that wanted to snoop around and learn more about Hannibal, but that would be rude as he hadn't given Will permission to do so. Instead, he just takes a seat at one of the chairs in front of the fireplace and wonder how on earth he got here when just that morning, he didn't know how he'd approach Hannibal in conversation.

He's so lost in his thoughts that he doesn't hear Hannibal re-enter the room and is startled by a hand softly touching his shoulder.

Hannibal chuckles at his alarmed expression, "My apologies for frightening you Will but I did call your name. Your bath is ready."

Will nods and gets up, Hannibal placing a hand on the small of his back again as if by habit, as he guided Will towards the bathroom.

The scent of jasmine and vanilla immediately assault his senses as he nears the bathtub, making note of the bubbles decorating the waters surface.

Will must still be feeling out of sorts from the incident because suddenly he's giggling uncontrollably and Hannibal's looking at him like he'd lost his mind.

"I am curious what you find so amusing dear Will."

"S-Sorry it's just that," Will tries not to snort with laughter, "You drew me a *bubble bath,* like I'm toddler being pacified by their mom with the promise of bubbles."

Hannibal doesn't roll his eyes but its a close thing as he gives Will a fondly exasperated look.

"You just don't seem the type to have bubble baths." Will giggles.

"I disagree, I'm a hedonistic being, who doesn't draw pleasure from bubbles?" Hannibal smiles at him indulgently.

Will's still giggling as he dips a hand in the water and scoops up a handful of bubbles, playing around with them before dipping his hand in for more.

"I shall leave you to your *bubble bath*," Will can hear the smile in his voice as he says the words, "I will be in the kitchen should you finish earlier than I anticipate and you need me."

Hannibal goes to leave but hand is suddenly gripping his wrist, Hannibal looks up to meet those cerulean eyes he fell for all those months ago.

"Thank you Hannibal." Will says sincerely, and Hannibal knows he doesn't just mean for the bath. He can see all the emotions swimming in the younger boy's eyes, the still lingering fear for what could've been, the gratitude… the affection.

Hannibal's expression softens as he steps closer, cupping the boy's cheek, "You're most welcome."

Will gives him a tentative smile, then before he can second guess himself, he leans forward and presses a small chaste kiss onto Hannibal's lips, completely shocking the older man. Will quickly pulls back, briefly looking like a startled deer as he processes what he just did, then he's abruptly spinning around as if he can't face Hannibal, and starts to take off his shirt; a silent dismissal.

Why the hell did I just do that?!

Chapter End Notes

Please let me know what you thought! :)

Chapter 3

Chapter Summary

Hannibal and Will finally admit their feelings for each other

Sexy times ahead ;)

Chapter Notes

NOT Beta read, sorry for any mistakes!

See the end of the chapter for more notes

Hannibal takes note of the tense line of the boy's shoulder, of the way his hands were clenched into fists he lets him be, knowing he was probably feeling overwhelmed again and amidst an internal freakout. He silently takes his leave and shuts the door softly behind him.

Will lets out a shaky breath, glancing back to confirm the door was closed and Hannibal was gone, before taking off his swimming shorts and getting into the tub.

The warm water encasing his body immediately relaxes his tensed and overworked muscles, the feel of that, paired with the soothing scent of jasmine and vanilla, had him momentarily forgetting all his worries.

He looses himself for an indefinite amount of time, his eyes closed, head tipped back agains the rim of the tub, as he replayed back all the good moments from the day—having lunch with Hannibal, bantering with his friends, Hannibal's fleeting touches on his skin. Before he knew it, his fingers were pruning, the bubbles almost gone and the water now a lukewarm temperature; bordering on uncomfortable.

He gets up from the bath with a sigh and unplugs the stopper to drain the water, watching for a moment as the left over bubbles swirled down the drain in a twister of foamy white. He then hops in the shower to quickly rinse himself off.

Upon exiting the shower, his eyes dart over to the spot beside the bathtub where he had unceremoniously tossed his wet clothing, only to find they weren't there. Surprise floods him as he realizes Hannibal must have entered the bathroom without Will realizing and took his dirtied clothes, most likely to dry them off in a dryer. He tentatively exits the washroom in a towel, half hoping and half dreading that Hannibal would be in the room. He isn't, and Will can't help but feel a mixture of relief and disappointment. What he does find is a neatly folded set of clothing at the foot of Hannibal's bed, a red sweater and pyjama pants, he comes to find when he lifts them up. They very obviously belonged to Hannibal—Duncan was much broader than he was—and Will can't help but flush at the thought of wearing Hannibal's clothing and how that might be interpreted to an outside source.

He shrugs on the clothing, and relishes in the feeling of the soft fabric and the scent that was so distinctly *Hannibal* engulfing his form. He exits the room shortly after, giving himself a small pep talk that he *can* and *will* face Hannibal after the little slip up he had earlier.

Who just accidentally *kisses someone? Way to go Graham.*

A delicious aroma wafts up from the kitchen as he makes his way down the stairs and his heart slams against his rib cage with every step closer he takes to the room and to Hannibal.

Once he's outside the entrance tot he kitchen, Will takes a deep breath before stepping in and immediately the delicious scent intensifies. He spots Hannibal at the stove, stirring something in a pot.

Will feels a sense of relief that Hannibal's back was to him, he didn't feel quite ready to face him just yet and the momentary reprieve was needed. He startles as Hannibal suddenly speaks up,

"You may make your way to the dining room Will, I shall be with you shortly."

Will doesn't know how the hell he knew Will was in the kitchen, he didn't think he walked that loudly for the man to hear him over the bubbling pot but Hannibal always did have mysterious ways for some of the things he did.

“O-Okay.” The younger boy responds, Hannibal only throws a smile over his shoulder that has Will scampering into the dining room to get away.

He’s glad for some time alone, he doesn’t know what he’s going to say when he faces Hannibal again. Say he’s sorry? Say he didn’t mean it? Say it was impulsive? They all sounded terrible and might just make Hannibal feel awful, which is the last thing he wanted. But most of all, they weren’t *true.* Well, maybe it was a little impulsive but he wasn’t sorry for kissing Hannibal, he’s wanted to do it for a while now and he certainly *meant* to kiss him. Just maybe not so soon.

He doesn’t have long to ponder though because shortly after, Hannibal is entering the room with two steaming gold rimmed bowls of what looks to be some kind of soup.

“Silkie chicken in a broth. A black-boned bird prized in China for its medicinal values since the 7th century. Wolfberries, ginseng, ginger, red dates and star anise.” Hannibal announces with the tone of a professor educating his students as he places the bowl in front of Will.

Will breathes in the tantalizing scents as he feels his stomach growl, “You made me chicken soup?”

The comment makes Hannibal pause in his movement to sit down and level Will with a look that shows he’s unimpressed with Will’s simplification of the meal. Will gives him an apologetic smile and Hannibal fully sits down before simply saying, “Yes.”

“I just meant… It feels a little… basic? N-Not that basic is a bad thing, just, you know, taking into consideration all your talks before about Foie Gras and Ortolan’s and all that… I’m sure the chicken soup is delicious though. I-I mean the silkie chicken broth and all the other bits you said.”

Hannibal smiles at his awkward verbal fumbling as he takes his cloth napkin—*of course* he’d have a cloth napkin—and delicately places it in his lap, Will copying the gesture.

“I imagine you might still be feeling rather… disturbed by recent events and I can imagine your stomach might also be. I thought it best to play it safe and choose a meal that would be light and easy enough to digest.” Hannibal explains.

Will blushes at the thoughtful gesture, then flushes further as he realizes Hannibal *cooked* for him and they were both now eating a meal together—*just* the two of them, with a candle burning between them.

When Hannibal lit that, he did not know, nor notice it earlier with his internal turmoil. But he can’t deny that it brought a sort of intimate feel to their meal, and Will can’t help but wonder if that was what Hannibal was aiming for.

The man disappears once more into the kitchen to bring out their beverages for the evening, Hannibal’s a red wine and Will’s a simple cup of water. Upon placing the crystal cup down in front of Will, he explains, “Alcohol might also upset your stomach, a little h2o should help settle it.”

“Thank you Hannibal.”

“My pleasure darling.”

Oh.

Will immediately ducks his head so that Hannibal doesn’t see the flush on his cheeks but he swears he can feel those piercing amber eyes cataloguing his every move, he doesn’t dare check. He picks up the spoon and takes a delicate sip of the soup, humming in approval as the delicious flavour washes over his taste buds.

“It’s very good.”

“Im glad to hear it.”

They continue to eat in silence, stealing glances across the table and then smiling sheepishly when the other would meet their eyes. The candlelight brought an intimacy to their meal that the both of them could feel. Their shadows danced on the walls behind them from the flickering flame and the rapidly setting sun, the darkness slowly closing in on them, giving them the illusion that the room was shrinking until the only thing left in existence was the man seated before them.

Will felt his mouth go dry as he watched Hannibal eat. How his sensuous lips puckered ever so temptingly as he took a delicate sip of his soup, how he'd lick his lips and the corner of his mouth when stray droplets of broth failed to land in his sinful mouth. That hot tongue, darting out to swipe over his bottom lip, and how Will ached to take it in his own to taste the flavours on his own tongue.

"Will."

Will immediately snaps out of his day dream, eyes darting up to meet Hannibal's own which twinkled in amusement.

"Y-Yeah?" Will asks dumbly.

A smirk settles on the very lips he'd spent however long staring at, "Is something the matter with your soup? I can't imagine it'd still be that hot, it's been suspended in the air for quite some time now."

It's only then he realizes he'd stopped eating because he'd been so lost in his staring at Hannibal. He flushes in embarrassment and quickly shoves the spoonful of broth in his mouth, barely even tasting it in his flustered state.

"No, yeah, everything's good. Sorry, just thinking." He blows out in a rush, unable to meet Hannibal's eyes yet again.

The older man chuckles, low and perverse, as if he knew the very thoughts lurking in Will's mind, and the sound sends a warmth coursing through his gut that Will dutifully ignores.

Soon, they're left with the dredges of the broth swimming at the bottom of their bowls that their spoons can no longer reach and Hannibal sighs in contentment at yet another satisfying meal of his making.

"Would you care to assist me in washing the dishes Will?" Hannibal asked, breaking the silence. Normally he'd follow up with a dessert after the meal, but for fear of it upsetting Will's stomach, he chose to skip it for the time being.

Will gives him a nod and shy smile, "Of course."

Both men rise from the table, each of them bringing their respective bowls, cutlery and glasses, and they make their way towards the sink. Hannibal washes the dishes while Will dries them, they work in tandem, the perfect partnership.

"I admit Will…" Hannibal begins, breaking the peaceful silence between them. Will glances up at the man as he speaks but Hannibal keeps his gaze on the dish he was currently washing. "I've liked you for quite some time now, I was just apprehensive to tell you."

That halts all of Will's movements, he stares at the side profile of the lifeguard in shock, disbelieving he'd heard those words right. Hannibal spares him a glance and a quirk of his lips, knowing the admittance would turn the boy's world on its axis.

Will exhales a sharp breath, "Y-You like…"

"You. Yes." Hannibal confirms with a smirk.

He watches as Will takes a moment to process what he'd just admitted, staring at the glistening silver spoon he currently clutched in his hand as if it held all the answers he was looking for.

Eventually he looks back up at Hannibal, “W-Why didn’t you tell me?”

Hannibal contemplates the question for a moment, lips pursed as he hands the last of the dirty dishes to Will. “I was afraid to confess my true feelings and how they’d be received.”

Will’s brows fly to his hairline in disbelief, pausing in his act of drying the porcelain plate. “You? Afraid? That’s almost laughable. You seem so fearless, like nothing could ever bother you.”

“Until *you*.” Hannibal says, drying his hands on a towel then taking the dish Will held, placing it on the counter before taking Will’s hands in his. “The only thing I’ve feared is my profound feelings for you. They’re inconvenient.”

Will raises a brow, “Inconvenient?”

“Yes… you disrupt my every waking thought. I see the ghost of your presence in everything I do. I see you in places you haven’t been. It’s been… a hindrance to my every day life.”

Will smiles uncertainly, “I don’t know if I should be flattered or offended.”

“Perhaps a little bit of both.” Hannibal smiles cheekily, his thumb caressing the soft skin of Will’s hand.

Time seems to cease to exist as they fall silent and stare at each other. Their smiles slowly fading as the air thickened with a tension, a longing for the other, itching to be slaked.

Hannibal’s gaze flitted from Will’s eyes to his mouth, then he was slowly leaning in as the distance between them decreased with every passing second. Hannibal took Will’s face by the chin, watching as his expression clouded with a hunger only Hannibal can satisfy, eyes lidded, lips parted, cheeks flushed. Hannibal teasingly swiped his tongue over Will’s bottom

and top lip before finally connecting their lips together. Will froze for a moment before his eyes fluttered closed, his hands flying up to grip at the nape of Hannibal's neck and bury a hand in his soft hair at the back of his head.

They kissed for a long moment, tongues sliding, hands wandering, soft noises of contentment escaping them. The world around them fell away, the only thing they could focus on was the feel of the other's lips against theirs.

Hannibal gripped his thighs and suddenly lifted him onto the counter, eliciting a gasp from Will. The seat of the young man's pants were now damp from accidentally landing on a wet spot from their dish washing, not that he cared, he knew they'd be ending up on the floor of Hannibal's bedroom soon enough anyway.

"Upstairs?" Hannibal pulls back with a gasp.

"Mm.. yeah." Will panted, wrapping his legs around the older's waist, his arms around the man's neck. "Take me there."

Hannibal's eyes darkened as he promptly gripped the curly haired boy's ass, lifting him from the counter effortlessly then making their way upstairs.

They burst through Hannibal's bedroom door in a flurry of activity. Their lips harshly nipping and licking the other's as Will rutted against him, moaning at the feel of Hannibal kneading the firm, plump flesh of his ass.

Hannibal quickly deposited Will onto the bed, blue eyes heatedly watching as Hannibal stripped himself of his clothing, the usually put together man now as wild as a beast.

When he was finally down to his boxers, he immediately attacked Will's lips once more, the force of it knocking Will onto his back on the plush mattress, moaning as he arched up into the warm body above him while Hannibal's insistent hands worked on untying his pyjama pants.

“You’re a stunning sight in my clothes Will.” Hannibal murmured lowly against the boy’s kiss swollen lips, a slightly growl to his voice which is a testament to just how affected he is.

“You’re a stunning sight *without* clothes, especially that damn red tank top.” Will replied cheekily, causing Hannibal to crack a smile.

Hannibal smirked, “And how long have you been hoping to see me without that *damn red tank top* hmm?”

“An embarrassingly long time.” Will breathed, turned on by hearing the other man swear.

“I’m happy to be fulfilling a wish then.”

Will chuckled then gripped a handful of hair at the back of the man’s head, bringing their lips together once more, moaning at the feel of a hot tongue plunging into his mouth, entangling with his own.

“Hannibal…” Will moaned, hungry blue eyes meeting fiery amber. “F-Fuck me.”

Hannibal exhaled a sharp breath through his nose, keeping his eagerness in check as he stripped the younger man of the sweater. “I’ll be sure to be careful.”

Will bit his lip, cheeks darkening. “You don’t have to be… It’s not my, um…”

Hannibal stilled his movements as he stared at the younger man beneath him who now refused to meet his eyes. Logically he knew it shouldn’t be a surprise that Will wasn’t a virgin because they were both in college, a time for exploration and many firsts. It was the fact that he had his suspicions on *who* Will’s first was and the thought displeased him, jealousy coiled inside him like a cobra ready to strike.

“*Who?*” He growled.

“Um… Nigel.”

A low growl erupts in the blonde’s throat as he suddenly pounces forward, hands gripping Will’s wrists and pinning them on either side of his curly head.

“I’ll fuck you better than he ever did.” Hannibal hisses in his ear.

Will shivered at the dark promise, a mewl left his lips unbidden as he arched his back so their straining erections brushed together, making them both groan.

Hannibal didn’t waste anytime, he reached into his night stand and pulled out a small bottle and two foil packets before unceremoniously pulling down the younger man’s boxers and slicking two of his fingers.

He circled the boy’s tight hole before plunging a single digit inside without a note of warning.

“*Ah* Hannibal!” Will groaned, his hands flying up to grip Hannibal’s firm shoulders as a way to ground himself.

Hannibal doesn’t say a word, a single minded focus as he watches that tight hole flutter around his finger. He plunges it in a couple more times, loosening it further before two fingers were sliding in and roughly taking him, a high pitched moan falling from the younger man’s lips at the sudden stretch.

Will digs his toes into the mattress, brows scrunched at the feeling of those two thick digits scissoring his passage loose, readying him for the moment he’d been waiting for for as long as he can remember.

He hisses as sharp teeth suddenly nip at the sensitive skin of his neck, no doubt leaving a mark—*Hannibal’s mark*—for all to see in the next coming days. The thought of being so thoroughly claimed by the man sends a shiver down his spine.

“Are you ready for me Will?” Hannibal asks followed by the feel of his hot tongue laving at a nipple, circling the nub before taking it into his mouth and sucking with abandon.

Will gasps, burying a hand into soft blonde locks, gripping a handful and tugging as Hannibal moved onto the other nipple and lavished it with the same amount of attention. Taking the nub between his teeth then soothing it over with his tongue, revelling in the sound of the boy’s moans.

“Y-Yeah Hannibal, fuck me, *fuck me* please, please, please…” Will chants, fucking back on the fingers within him, wanting more, *needing more.*

Hannibal smirks at the boy’s neediness, he presses one last kiss to the now swollen nub before moving up to capture the boy’s lips once more, kissing the boy until he’s dizzy and breathless with pleasure, all the while never ceasing the movement of his expert fingers.

He pulls back, delicately extricating his fingers before reaching for the bottle of lube and uncapping the bottle. He then rips open a foil packet, quickly discards his own silk boxers before expertly rolling the condom onto his cock then drizzling his aching member with lube.

Will watches the whole process with growing desperation and slight apprehension. Hannibal seemed bigger than Nigel was, which is saying something because Nigel had felt unbelievably huge inside Will, he can’t imagine how Hannibal’s going to feel, let alone *fit*.

He couldn’t wait to find out.

Hannibal met Will’s eyes as he pressed his cock against the boy’s willing hole, circling around his rim before pushing inside, his eyes slipping shut at the heavenly feel of that tightness surrounding him.

Will groaned as Hannibal worked inside him, scrunching his eyes shut at the delicious burn of that huge cock stretching him open for the taking.

“Fu-Fuck Hannibal,” Will groaned, his nails digging into the older man’s back, leaving crescent marks on tanned skin. “Y-You feel huge.”

“You feel heavenly darling.” Hannibal purrs, “So tight for me.”

Hannibal proceeded slowly, stopping half way and just fucking back and forth for a moment to get the boy used to his girth, eyes trained on where he and Will connected, admiring how he took him so beautifully.

Gasping breaths fell from the younger man’s lips as Hannibal moved within him, he wrapped his legs tightly around the lifeguard’s waist, trying to bring him closer, urging him to push in all the way.

“More, *more,* c’mon… please, *please*.” Will pleaded, and really, how could Hannibal deny him when he begged so beautifully?

He gripped Will’s hips and pushed in all the way, savouring the drawn out groan from the younger man, watching Will’s expression contort into slight pain from the stretch before slowly smoothing out into undeniable pleasure.

“Fuck, *fuck*, so big…” Will moaned just as Hannibal gave an experimental thrust forward. “Ngghhh, feels so good.”

Hannibal took that as a sign that Will was ready and fucked into him, setting a rough and punishing pace as Will held onto him like his life depended on it, moans, groans and gasps falling from the boy’s luscious lips as he raked his fingers down Hannibal’s back, leaving crimson lines that Hannibal will admire in the morning.

Hannibal drove into the pliant and warm body beneath him with a single minded focus; to claim Will as his, to possess every inch of the boy’s body with the ghost of his touch and his touch *alone*. He wanted to erase any and every memory of any other man who’s been within

his beloved, who's tainted Will's skin with their touch (*especially Nigel*) and only ever have Will remember the feel of his fingers, his tongue, his *cock*.

Will arched into every thrust, leaned into every touch and moaned into every kiss and before long, he was clenching around him, chanting "close, close, close" as Hannibal sped his thrusts up, pushing the younger boy towards the edge until he spilled over it.

Will came with a shout, his cock spurting his release onto his abdomen as Hannibal violently battered his prostate until the boy was whining with oversensitivity.

Seeing Will losing himself to his pleasure ignited something primal within Hannibal, he growled as he gripped the boys plush ass, finger tips digging into the supple flesh as he drove into the boy's heat, burying himself all the way as he spilled his seed deep within Will.

The two took a moment to catch their breath, staring fondly at the other before Hannibal pulled out, Will groaning at the loss.

They laid side by side, marvelling at how they got here and the fact that that *really just happened.* Or at least that's the only thing Will was thinking.

"That was *so* worth the wait." Will breathes.

Hannibal chuckles, rolling over to prop himself over the younger man, claiming his mouth in a passionate kiss. "I'm glad I've exceeded expectation."

Will snorts, playfully slapping his—deliciously hairy and firm, *so firm*—chest. "Shut up. You *knew* you would. Pretty sure that was your goal since I mentioned Nigel."

A growl leaves Hannibals lips unbidden, his lips twisting into a snarl. "Don't mention *his* name in my bed Will."

Will giggles, adoring Hannibal's jealousy on full display, knowing it meant the man genuinely cared about him to be this jealous of his ex lover. "We're friends Hannibal. You know that ship's long sailed right? I don't like him like that anymore."

Hannibal looked miffed, "Yes."

Will chuckled, "Though I should warn you, you know what he's like. He's going to take the piss when he finds out about us."

"I shall control myself." He says without much conviction.

"Mhm, sure you will. I'll make sure Duncan's on standby when we do tell them all."

"I'd prefer if you also didn't mention my brother's name while in my bed Will. Now, enough talking."

Will was happy to oblige as Hannibal captured his lips once more.

* * *

And later, when they tell their friends about them finally getting together, they're met with whoops and cheers of congratulations.

"I fucking knew it! Will only glows like that after he's been thoroughly fucked out. It's a sight you don't forget." Nigel smirked.

Will has to grip Hannibal's arm tightly to keep him from pouncing on the other man while the rest of their friends erupt into rambunctious laughter.

Chapter End Notes

And that's all folks! I hope you liked it! If you did, please let me know what you thought

Comments make my day and inspire me to keep writing :)

End Notes

If you noticed, I made some characters a tiny bit more animated then they actually are, not enough to be ooc but yanno. It's because they're all of course still young and this fic is meant to be read like a romcom anyway and we all know how exaggerated characters are in romcoms 😂

But anyway I hope you liked it!

Comments honestly make my day so please let me know what you thought and thanks for reading! 🥰

Please drop by the Archive and comment to let the creator know if you enjoyed their work!